.50 " year

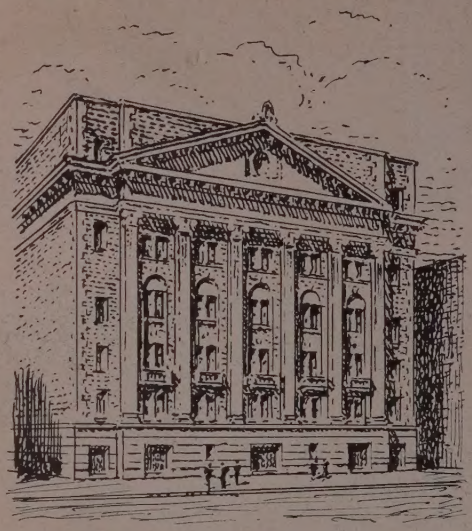
MAY, 1944

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

"The buds and blossoms, awakening from a long winter's sleep, shout the spring message of a fresh outlook on life."

—*Inland Tips.*



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Vol. XXI **May, 1944** *Number 2*

Sunday in the Peoples Church of Chicago

941 Lawrence Avenue at Sheridan Road

DR. PRESTON BRADLEY, PASTOR

Spring Schedule

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE
Broadcast by WJJD.....11:00 o'clock

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION
Anderson Hall ..... 9:30 o'clock

JUNIOR CHURCH
Anderson Hall .....11:00 o'clock

(See complete schedule of Church Activities on page 24)

* * *

Dr. Bradley's Radio Schedule

For the Summer

WLS—Chicago—7:45 A.M.—Monday thru Friday
WHO—Des Moines—5:30 P.M.—Monday thru Friday
KSD—St. Louis—7:15 A.M.—Monday thru Friday
KOIL—Omaha—7:15 A.M.—Monday thru Friday
KFAB—Lincoln—7:45 A.M.—Monday thru Friday
KROC—Rochester—12:00 M.—Monday thru Friday
KATE—Albert Lea—9:00 P.M.—Mon., Tues., Weds., Thurs.
5:30 P.M.—Sunday
KYSM—Mankato—6:30 P.M.—Mon., Weds., Thurs., Fri.
5:30 P.M.—Sunday
WJJD—Chicago—11:00 A.M.—Sunday

"WHAT IS TRUE INDIVIDUALISM?"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

HISTORICAL development down through the ages seems to follow rather definitely certain fundamental laws, and one of those laws is that at the conclusion of any great upheaval, social, economic, governmental, religious, in the life of humanity, there seems to be, inevitably, a period which reacts in some form of highly centralized force. Of late years we have called this reaction "dictatorship," but we discover that it is nothing new whatever in human history. Quite the contrary, it is as old as history. We have as an example, the French Revolution and Napoleon. At the conclusion of the French Revolution, as you know who are familiar particularly with Thomas Carlyle's History of the French Revolution, the people felt that they had achieved a great deal. It was a revolution of the people, a revolution which was quite largely inspired because of our own American Revolution and was assisted by some of the leaders of our own Revolution, notably, Thomas Paine, for at the conclusion of our Revolution, Thomas Paine went to France and was one of the very important voices and significant factors in the development of the French Revolution.

Now, when the French people had achieved that for which they had revolted and felt that they had thrown off forever the tyranny of the Crown and all of the other things that had prevented the people of France from experiencing liberty, you remember that there was a definite period in which the people lacked the ability to coordinate their victory. That has been true in innumerable cases of human history: after the people have shed blood and have gone through the agony of war and everything which the people have had to go through for certain principles and certain ideals, there has seemed to be, as a very part of the historical processes, a law operating against the people because the people themselves were unable to integrate and unify their victory, until, as an illustration, I wonder if there is not an analogy of that to be found in our own individual experiences with life, how we, as individuals, pass through certain upheavals and crises in our lives and we experience certain problems and difficulties. We do our best to solve them. Sometimes we fail, (sometimes we do not,) by our inability to translate all that we have sacrificed and all that we have worked for into a unified victory.

There is a distinct analogy between a nation and an individual. I think it was the great Macaulay, in the spaciousness of his great intellect and understanding, who said somewhere in one of his essays, that the nation is but the epitome of the individual and that in our individual lives you can find an exact counterpart of the same processes through which a nation passes.

There is one principle of society in the organized life of nations which is the basis for this discussion, and that is the principle of society's inability to use, preserve, maintain and project victory when once it is achieved so that you can defeat the forces of reaction. That has not been done very often in history. It was not done in Italy and you got Mussolini; it was not done in the German Revolution of 1919-1920, and you got a Hitler; it was not done in the change that came to the inner

structure of the Japanese life and mentality after the exposure of the Japanese mind and the conscience of Occidental civilization, and in spite of millions of dollars of investment for Christian missions and in spite of the thousands and thousands of honorable and honest men and women of all faiths and creeds who went to Japan to Christianize the Japanese, we have the modern Japan.

Is there some fundamental law here that you and I can understand so well that in applying it to our own individual living we can discover the basis of a true individualism which will treat each victory as a stepping stone and not as a descending ladder? Are we able to take our individual victories and use each of those as a stepping stone rather than pass through the same reactions in a rebirth of the conservatism or an interference which prevents the continuing and ripening of our personalities and our souls?

We have found in human society that there is a very old principle which in these modern days has come to be designated as "collectivism." You have all heard that word, of course. A great many people think of it as a new word, or new technique in modern society. The fact of the matter is, it is not at all new. The fact of the matter is that the principle under which the first society operated on this earth was the principle of collectivism and that was manifested in the primitive life of early man, for early man, in the first few centuries of man's development, was almost exclusively a man of collectivism. He had everything together, he moved in mass formation, he had a mass society, his homes were all massed together, he ate in one great community kitchen. Early man on up through the ages of government expressed himself almost entirely on a collective basis, and this whole modern idea of collectivism which has grown up in our modern world society manifested in one extremism, as the Communism of Russia, in the other as the Naziism of Germany and the Fascism of Italy, but all of it—and here's the point that I would have you see in order to understand the law—all of it is structurally rooted in the same identical principle. Fundamentally there is no difference, there is only a difference of technique of administration, and the collectivism of Fascism and Naziism or Communism in contradistinction to an application of a certain amount of collectivism necessary to administer and to preserve the essential quality of government, is the problem before the democracies today.

I am speaking in terms of generalization. We have, to a very remarkable extent, operated some of the most necessary parts of our lives on the collective principle. Take one or two, and I am doing this by way of illustration because I want to build for our conclusion. Take the postoffice; the postal service of this nation is a collective institution, it is not a private enterprise and it administers a great need to human society, the postoffice. Take most of the water works and water systems of the nation, a collective enterprise. Take some of these things that we are face to face with in each of our daily lives and we find they have a collective background, that is, they operate in unison for an entire group and the group is the owner, and the people of the country own the postoffices, every one of them, and in a society where you get that kind of collectivism, obviously there is a possibility of getting a high type of efficiency when it is properly administered and done.

Now, then, in our human lives today, in the kind of an age that we are in, where everything is being done on the basis of mass importance, when we are

speaking of billions of dollars and millions of men and when we are speaking in terms of mass concepts, masses, I think that the time has arrived for us to say a word about the individuals who compose these masses. I think the time has come in the midst of this whole theory and philosophy of collectivism whereby you can regiment the whole area of an individual life in all of its materialistic and mechanistic aspects, its food, its clothing, everything a part of a great collective effort, granted a necessary effort in the midst of this war, but the thought that is giving me anxiety is the idea that we will become so accustomed to the mass aspect of our modern world that we will lose the individual in the mob, and the time has arrived for someone to speak a word for you, and for me, not as a social unit, not as a cog in the machine, whether that machine is a military machine or an industrial machine, but to think again, once more, of the basis and the importance of being a "person" in this kind of a world so that when these laws and outlines and programs and all the necessary equipment for regimenting society and putting it most effectively into mass organization, have served their purpose, those who do it will not lose the "human touch . . . walk with crowds and not lose their virtue,"—that we shall not lose this truth that finally every one of these efforts and every principle that applies in human society is dealing with the raw, precious thing called a "person," an "individual," and not as society are we to be rewarded merely, but that the compensations are to be found in what they do to me, and do to you, as individual human hearts.

I know of no one who understood this value more than the poet-peasant of Galilee. Here He was in a world in which the main thesis of His life had a collective background. I read it to you and we say it together in the prayer: "Thy kingdom come"—that's collectivism. Jesus emphasized the necessity of the kingdom as a society. He understood the idea, but never for one moment did he ever cease to emphasize that the kingdom of God, which was his ideal conception of a human society on this earth, was composed of individuals, and his whole thesis for the kingdom of God was a thesis which was tied up in his concept of individual worth. Where was there any other use for society? What is the measure of society? Is the greatness of a nation to be determined merely by its geographical proportions or even by its physical resourcefulness? Is that the basis? What has been the determining factor of true greatness among nations? Call the roll, walk down the corridors of history and pause before the monuments of the ages, and what do you discover? What lived? Phoenicia, Persia, Caledonia, Babylon, Rome, Greece, London, Washington, Berlin! What lived? Call the roll of the nations out of the past and what lived? There is not a person in the congregation this morning, I think, even though they may be unusually familiar with the great classics of great ancient Greece and Rome, who can recall a single materialistic contribution of the ancient world. They are all forgotten, covered by the sands from the glass of time . . . forgotten. What lives? When the great writer, Edward Gibbon, wrote "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," a work that took 22 years of his life, in the first paragraph he wrote this sentence, and I think I quote it almost verbatim: "When that Romanlike octopus reached out and seized the known civilizations of the world, two of those nations never will be forgotten, the first, Phoenicia, for she gave the world letters; the second, Palestine, for she gave the world a religion." By all the

measures of modern society and anything that we can call progress, that fact remains.

What is the test of the United States? What is the test of any nation? What is the test of a school? What is the test of a Church? What is the test of this Church, or your Church, those who may be listening? What is the test? I think I can tell you. The test of a nation is to be found in the kind of individuals that nation produces in its environment—that's the test! What is the test of a university? The kind of people it sends into the world! What is the test of this Church? The kind of people, as individuals, not a group, not a club, not a society—within the Church—that is not the test; the test is what kind of individuals result from this Church? That's the test of the Church: the true individuals produced, not merely the social product, is the test of a Church. That is why this paramount analyst of human souls, this man so keenly adjusted in his surgical precision to go to the very basic structure of the human soul, this man, the Galilean, was so enraptured by the potentiality of the individual to become a perfect manifestation of God, which is the height of true individualism, he was so certain that each individual possesses latent potential powers which when released can overcome every obstacle, poverty, illness, hate, venom, jealousy, despair, all the things that wreck and tear and mar human lives; he was so convinced that all could be different when the individual reflected the perfect pattern, that he said: "What man of you having a hundred sheep should find 99, and one of them lost, would he not go and seek for the lost sheep?" That was the heart of it. Was not that the basic truth? Our modern, social conception that the majority rules, and majorities are right, and that the mob should be the voice of authority and power, or that collective leaders should outline programs of institutionalism would say "Let them all flow into a hopper, the whole mass of humanity." The majority would have said: "Why, you have 99 sheep out of a hundred, what are you worried about one for? What difference does one person make, one individual does not matter." NOT SO WITH HIM! He knew the truth is that each individual in any kind of a society, collective, democratic, dictatorship, or any other kind of society—is *the most important thing in that society; THE INDIVIDUAL HEART*—and that society is to be judged and valued by what it finally does to that individual, and if an economic order exists which maintains poverty, and individuals ever have to know the pang and tragedy and suffering of an unworthy poverty, then all is not well. In any kind of a collective society where people are given an opportunity to raise their children into good citizens, honorable people, and then the inevitable twist of economic fate comes into an area of suffering and want and need among the aged—judge a society by what it does to its aged, those who are the victims of the collective order—it must not be the brazen idol of a panacea for all the ills of humanity and society, we must go down into the root of society and see there the individual human soul!

Do you remember the other? That day in which He was so tired, this Galilean individualist, who revolted against the tyranny of a collective society called the "Roman Empire," and do you remember that he had been tramping the mountain sides until the brambles and sharp stones had worn straight through his sandals and the day was warm and he was tired and hungry, and he came down into the edge of the valley at eventide and

seated there some little children passed, and this man who never lost sight of the individual; who always saw the tree in the forest and not the forest alone, but who saw the tree in the forest, this man put upon his knee one of those little children and when he had put his lips against the child's forehead and stroked the hair, he looked out at the city of Rome. He saw the soldiers march by with their breastplates and their clanking swords and their hard, hard boots, pounding and pounding on the streets of the village; he saw the Pharisees and Sadducees, the powers, the hierarchy, he saw the law, he saw the State, he saw it all, and then he held the little child to his breast and said: "O except ye become like one of these, ye shall not enter the kingdom." There you have it! There you have it in a nutshell, "Except ye become like one of these, ye shall not enter the kingdom."

What did he say when he saw that woman with her long, black hair streaming down her back and tears streaming down her face, and her face lined with the lines of sin and corruption, and a withered, twisted, corrupt soul? She fell at his feet and they cried: "Don't touch her, she is vile!" and this man turned to them, the society of the day, and said: "You who are without sin, first cast a stone," and there was no stone cast. She arose to her feet and she looked into his face and said: "Master!" and then he said, "Neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more." And that woman became the last woman at the cross, and she was the first woman at the tomb. He touched an individual life and touching it revealed the potentiality of life.

And you remember that day, and here's another analogy that shows what I mean by true individualism in a collective world, when we are all victims of laws, orders and systems, and are being told what we can eat, and where we can go and what we can wear, when we are all being told these things in the interest of something called "military expediency"—all of which I agree we should be told—but I maintain that in the midst of this we must not lose the sense of our true individual dignity that you are you, and I am I, and that we are still human beings. You remember that day, it was the Sabbath, and to the Jew the Sabbath is a holy day, there is no work done on the Sabbath and there are only certain foods that can be eaten on the Sabbath, and Jesus was walking on the Sabbath day through a cornfield. His disciples were hungry and they plucked the corn and ate it, and the ceremonial Jews and the hierarchy of the Jews stood amazed and aghast and cried: "Look at this man; he not only works on the Sabbath, but he plucks and eats corn! What is he? An imposter! He does not keep our laws or follow our ceremonies! Who is this man?" Jesus turned to them, and once more the true value of human individualism arose. Not the value of ceremonies, not of organizational worship, not of governmental edicts, not values of imposed laws; it was the supreme, sovereign illumination of individuality, and he said to them: "Why speak ye thus? Do you not know that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath?" Basically and fundamentally man is more than your laws, man is more than your ceremonies. Man, you as individuals, are the center upon which the whole revolves, and the true individualist is the man or woman, the individual, who, in his own soul, refuses to be coerced and beaten and whipped, but who stands four-square on his own feet with his shoulders back and says to the world: "You can have the best of me, but you can never destroy me!"

SPRING IN THE PEOPLES CHURCH

EASTER has come and gone —as beautiful and triumphant an Easter in the Peoples Church as we have ever experienced, as though we were trying to say with all our might and main to all the forces of evil in the world, "You can't win; don't you see that you can't? Can't you sense that eternal, vital force—that glory and triumph of the everlasting power of Good that is God—can't you feel it in our spirit? Don't you know it is a wall of power, and that nothing you can do—no matter how strong you seem—no matter what ugly scars you put upon this world of ours and upon the hearts of the people of this earth—not anything you can do will win over the spirit of God which is in us? That spirit is lifted up in our hearts this day!"

Beginning with the 9:00 o'clock service and all on through the day the people continued to come to the church—more than 6,000 of them. At the afternoon service, 127 new members were publicly welcomed into the church and 27 babies were christened. Another great congregation assembled for the evening service. The Easter offering was the best we have ever had.

Because the eleven o'clock service is broadcast by radio, many messages were sent to Dr. Bradley by telephone, by telegram and through the mail, expressing great appreciation for his inspiring sermon. Many have said they considered it the greatest Easter message ever delivered.

The men and women in the service of the country were not forgotten on Easter Day, a special prayer being given for them and a message written to them on the calendar itself. The calendar was an especially beautiful one and a copy was mailed to all those on our Honor Roll. In every way it seemed as though the church was saying to the Army, the Navy, the Air Force—to all the fighting forces of the world——"We are holding up your hands, our spirit and our work is backing you up—we know you are going to win—we know that Truth and Justice and Righteousness are going to Win!"

And now that Easter Day is over, and the earth is springing into newness of life, what are our plans—for the Spring, the Summer — the coming Church Year?

In his Easter message Dr. Bradley said that the Christ is not risen unless He is risen in our lives—unless we lift Him up he cannot be lifted up.

The day after Easter, the week after Easter, the month after Easter, is not a time for letting down and for feeling —now Easter is over I can forget about the church work—it will soon be summer and vacation time—I'm going to just forget about church work until fall. That does not happen in the Peoples Church. One hundred twenty-seven new members and any one of eleven activities in which those new members may find an interest: the Choir, the Ushers' Club, the Sunday School, the Junior Church, the Red Cross Unit, the Woman's Club, with their many activities and interests, the Business Woman's Club with the Preston Bradley Auxiliary of the Mary Bartelme Club as their new and special interest, the Men's Club, the Young Peoples Club and The Uptown Players (now in their 19th year)—and most of these groups continue their activities

right on through the summer months —different activities perhaps, some of them, than during the winter months, but all of them interesting.

It is during the summer that there is often more time for sociability, for a welding of friendships, and for making plans for the coming fall and winter.

No, we do not let down after Easter, for at Eastertime we lift up the Christ spirit anew in our hearts and pledge our continued allegiance and support of all that is good and powerful to offset the forces of evil in this world.

Dr. Bradley is planning some inspiring sermons for the month of May. Won't you invite your friends to come to Church or, if that is not possible, to "listen in" over WJJD at 11:00 o'clock?

Taken From Dr. Bradley's Latest Book "My Daily Strength"

MAN HAS A VISION

We are all a part of the tremendous, historical undercurrents now sweeping the world, penetrating to the foundations of civilization.

The real character of the enemy as a philosophy, and as those who attempt to practice it, is not in doubt. The full scope of their ideals and what those ideals do to people are known.

There can be no compromise until the vicious ideals and the cruel men who execute them are eliminated.

This may be history's great proving hour—proving that man and his personality are of infinite and imperishable worth, and that states and governments exist for his well being.

Man has a vision of what he might be and what he may become.

Infinite and eternal Light, we are grateful that leaden skies and misty fogs do not exist between us and Thy love; grateful for that creative confidence in the very depths of our being that there is always, somewhere, blue sky and healing sunlight, gladness and beauty. In this moment of solemnity cleanse our minds; wash away from our hearts the ignoble, tearing, and sorrowing things; quietly, reverently, we wait for the infiltration of that power that comes to every life and heart which seeks it.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church,
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.....Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....Associate Editor
MAY H. HARRISON.....Business Manager

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EDITORIAL

MEMORIAL DAY will be especially hallowed for us here in America by the sacredness of a great memory. All over the republic, from the little village cemetery to the great expansive, broad acres, where the city buries its dead, the graves of the soldier and sailor dead of this nation will be decorated by loving hands and remembering hearts.

This year I am thinking of what constitutes the perfect tribute; something more significant than our tears, more enduring than even the placing of flowers, which, overnight will wither and fade. The greatest, the finest tribute we can pay, it seems to me, is the tribute of attempting, as heroically as is possible, the preservation of the ideals for which "they rendered that last full measure of devotion."

Mere words are of little permanent significance, if they are not fortified by deeds. Eloquent and patriotic speeches at the graves of our dead are not enough. Those of us who still have the opportunity of life must, by our actions and our courage, maintain the principles and purposes of our freedom. And today that is just what is happening, not only in this country, but throughout the world. Army is arrayed against army—navy against navy—air force against air force—that the principles and purposes of freedom may be maintained. A new implementation of these ideals is taking place in our hearts.

There is something in America which transcends all of our conflicts and internal difficulties and problems. We must be more than partisans. We must stand as a solid phalanx, above every party, above every creed, and above every race, that the ideals of freedom which we know, should not be jeopardized by an influence outside or inside America. It is more difficult to create and maintain peace than it is to fight any war the world has ever had. It requires more genius, more capable leadership, finer devotion to great ideals to maintain peace than it does to fight wars. War soon accumulates its own momentum and goes on its relentless way, but not peace.

We must rethink our own Democracy, and though I shall not be here to

see it, and perhaps no person alive on the earth today may live to see it, but in the time to come, when Europe has been fertilized into a new culture by the blood and bones of her people, who slew each other in the agonies and hatred of war, a new flower of humanity may bloom in the garden of civilization. May there be one contribution to that garden which shall have survived through all of man's hates and the storms of men's passion.

May this America of ours, a classic example of a free people, determine that this freedom shall be preserved and that never once shall we barter this freedom while we lose our own souls with dictatorship. Walt Whitman wrote:—

"Your dreams, O years, how they penetrate through me!
(I know not whether I sleep or wake.)
The performed of America and Europe
grow dim, retiring in the shadow
behind me.
The unperformed, more gigantic
than ever, advance, advance, advance upon me."

P.B.

BOOK CHATS

THE UNPRECEDENTED number of readers, together with the thousands of good books which are being published now, indicates that people are interested in good reading as never before. For eleven years now, every Wednesday evening during the fall and winter I have been devoting an hour to lecturing on books, and in addition, for the past year, I have been giving a book review once a week on my nightly broadcast series. The encouraging response to these book review broadcasts indicates a wide listener interest and it is surprising to me that there are not more broadcasts about books.

In the book which I am about to discuss I am making a wide departure from the kind of books about which I have been writing in these Book Chats. It does not deal with difficult economic, political, scientific, governmental or philosophical matters, but is a book of an entirely different character. I have chosen it because I believe there is a place for this kind of book, and that it meets a distinct need and fills a definite place.

We all realize, of course, that there is nothing funny or humorous about war; yet every war has produced humorists and books which portray the lighter side of war. We need those books. And now comes a book entitled, "Your Loving Mother," written by Monte Sohn. It is one of the funniest books I have ever read, brimful and overflowing with good-natured humor. And if you want a book to send to your soldier, sailor, marine or airman, here is the book that I predict will supercede all other books dealing with the humorous side of this war, and I know how paradoxical that sounds, to speak of a humorous side of such a ghastly tragedy.

Here is the gist of the book:—Sometime in 1942, the war came to Mrs. James Z. Trapple, a small-town socialite. It marched right into East Littleton and without so much as a by-your

leave, snatched her baby from her and put him in a uniform. The book is a compilation of these (fictitious) letters, of course, but ringing with reality and truth, to this her only child, and every one of them amusingly reveals an abysmal ignorance of the facts of army life and of the war in general. These letters are the letters of a mother to her son. They begin with his induction and her outrage at Mr. Schmitt, who is the family butcher and who heads the draft board, and go right on through, covering all phases of her soldier son's life, until he gets an overseas citation for gallantry, "as becomes a Trapple," as the mother's phrase goes when she learns of the citation.

She sends her soldier son a dressing gown for lounging, mornings, and thinks it is very stupid for him to be on guard duty at night, when a growing boy needs his sleep, and hopes the friendly M.P. who brings him back to camp in England is a House of Lords member and not merely an M.P. of the lower house in parliament. The humor, the satire, the irony is an interesting relief from the tragedies and sorrows and heartaches which we all know are the realities of war, and yet, these others are realities, too. I chuckled on every page, and some difficult tasks were made lighter and easier because I had had the restful change from the sterner aspects of many problems because of the lightness and true humor of these letters to her son.

The author himself says, in the preface: "If this were a book of some substance or consequence, Mrs. James Z. Trapple, its central figure, might stir up a little doubt and indignation. But the author of "Your Loving Mother" is not a Cather, a Ferber nor a Lewis. Besides this book is only so much pretend writing, hardly in fact a book at all. It is only a little while of entertainment, with no ambition to be a literary grown-up. Every male thinks he knows all about women, and if he is average, if his experience is normal, so indeed he does but his knowledge is entirely academic, and throughout his life he finds he is seldom able to apply this knowledge practically. Just somehow or other each woman crisis seems not quite to have a parallel in the past. The only success a man has, is in talking to them because they listen, and about them when they can't. If Mrs. Trapple needs any explaining, it is in the fact that she is no more any one woman I have known than she is no one of the men, for all the bewilderment and uncomprehension she feels in the war is not female. Thousands of males-at-home argue the war with finality, yet remain naive and a bit ridiculous. They hold forth in all sorts of places, wet or dry, and too often in our own homes. They read and hear all the news analysts, brew the entire stuff in a common pot, add some peculiar spices, and wind up by calling this gumbo their own. The flavor is sometimes surprising. Women, on the other hand, think the war mainly in headlines and talk of it emotionally in hatred of the whole dirty business—hatred rooted in their love of individual victims of it. And if their reasonings are not always sound, the average male's war talk is equally broken-arched. Your Loving Mother, the title of our book, has therefore considerably more than a pinch of a father in it. All of us, man and woman alike, contribute somewhat to this composite. Each has blind spots, owns misconcepts and is guilty of wishful thoughtlessness where the war is concerned."

Thus the author gives us an inkling of the idea in the back of his mind when he wrote these letters. Now here is an extract from the first letter in the book: "Dear Pookie: It is all very silly, your being in the Army, even

though it is only temporary. If your father had taken care of matters as he should, this would never have happened and you would still be here, where you belong. As usual, however, he neglected to do anything. So the whole thing falls on me. It isn't as though they needed *you*. Goodness knows there must be hundreds of young men in East Littleton who could easily be spared. They needn't have taken you at all. What I cannot understand is Mr. Schmitt, as chairman of the draft board. He must have known how we would feel about it and if he didn't know he could easily have found out by just telephoning. But he never consulted me. We have been customers at the Schmitt store for going on 16 years and no ordinary customers, either! Why, last month *alone* our meat bill was $59.40. I don't know what on earth he could have been thinking of to let this happen. Anyway, I am going to find out. I will see Mr. Schmitt tomorrow and if he wants to continue being our meat dealer, in no time at all we will have you back again." And of course the letter is signed "Your Loving Mother."

The son, by the way is a graduate of Yale, and the mother feels that he should be spared many of the things that all soldiers have to go through. One after another, straight through, these letters are about the funniest one ever read. It is all in good fun, but like all true humor, underneath there is much truth.

It is just the book for your boy in camp, and every parent, too, will read it with delight.

* * *

Mortimer J. Adler is known to most people as the author of one of the most interesting and significant books ever written on reading—the book which is called "How To Read a Book." To a lesser number he is known as the "stormy petrol" in the field of education. He is one of the most original, dynamic, penetrating and basic thinkers in this country, and his latest book, "How To Think About War and Peace," is in the category of the first ten important books of this period and there have been over 500 so far published containing plans and points of view for the world in the making.

It is important that you notice the title is not "*What* To Think About War and Peace," but "*How* To Think About War and Peace." This is its uniqueness and the manner in which the thesis is developed is incontrovertible in its logic and presentation.

Just take this first paragraph: "These are the questions which every sober, free man must face in the modern world: 1st, Will there be a world war after this one? 2nd, If so, will it occur in my lifetime, or in the lifetime of my children and grandchildren? 3rd, If there is to be another world war, what can we do to postpone it? 4th, Will there ever be peace on the earth, not just a breathing spell between wars, but lasting peace? 5th, If so, will it come in my lifetime, in my grandchildren's, or centuries from now? 6th, If there is any probability of perpetual peace, what can we do to hasten its coming? . . . Ordinary citizens now discuss issues which once engaged only statesmen and philosophers. . . . Today for the first time there are enough men who think that a durable peace is possible, to make that a central issue. They form a minority but a very articulate one."

The preface which Mr. Adler has written in this book is just about as frank a confession as I have ever read, and by his honest appraisal of himself in relation to his own thinking and understanding of historical trends and processes, he strikes an authentic note which creates confidence in every

reader. People may know historical facts and dates and biographical data of important people without having the least understanding of what has happened in the world, and is happening, and in this book he takes the contemporary events and issues and attempts to interpret them philosophically in their relationship to eternal and elemental principles. Here is a book which gives a perspective of history and the necessity of interpreting history philosophically.

The up-to-dateness of Dr. Adler's book is established by the fact that it was completed on the 31st of August, 1943, and some last minute additions were made as late as the 15th of December. The power of this book is the clear and concise manner in which he looks at and thinks about our almost-hourly-changing world against the whole panorama of history, and above all, under the imperative of recognizing the existence of fundamental and eternal principles. If statesmen, diplomats, presidents, prime ministers and citizens could only appraise events against the background of eternal truth and principle, and would think about those events with this background, the future would be secure.

We do not think rightly, because we do not know how to think at all. How can we be right about war and peace and economics, government, religion, education, business, labor, when we only think about these things with our prejudices, our pre-dispositions, and permit emotion to do the thinking? No thinking is worthy the name that is not postulated in terms of the universal and the eternal. This, Adler proves again and again in this book. *How* to think is primary, before we ever know *what* to think. P. B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

Maytime brings balmy air, sweet with the scent of newly broken earth in gardens—fresh, rain-washed leaves beginning to deck the trees—lilac buds and tulips abloom—and—Mother's Day and Memorial Day. There could not be a more appropriate time for these sacred days than this lovely month of Spring!

Mother's Day I believe has come to be a red-letter day in other countries besides our own—but the 30th of May is a day kept only in the United States, in memorial to our soldiers who have given their lives for their country. More than ever before, even those who have no soldier dead feel a deep sense of sadness at the thought of the many hearts who will honor

their beloved dead whose graves lie in foreign lands! We, too, bow our heads in the silent minute of prayer in their honor!

It is very inspiring to Dr. Bradley, who has many times known discouragement and wondered if his efforts were worth while, to receive letters such as these, particularly such as come from the boys scattered over the world in the various theatres of war, telling him how much our church publications, "The Liberalist" and "The Dial" mean to them, as they miss his sermons and the church services inexpressibly, and they say much more, giving proof that Dr. Bradley's teachings, his ideals and principles—the things he has stood for these many years of his ministry, sowed seed that is now bearing fruit in encouraging, cheering, comforting, guiding and inspiring the boys who have listened to him and now are facing the frightful experiences of war. This knowledge makes all Doctor's study and sacrifices and work doubly worth while. Evidence of this influence is finely expressed in the letter from the Mail Bag I have chosen to give you here.

"Dear Dr. Bradley and the Peoples Church: I have received several copies of *The Liberalist, The Dial* and a copy of your *My Daily Strength* and it has carried me back to the many times I sat in your audience when I was a carefree civilian and I wish that I might be there this morning (March 27th) to enjoy the services. I should like again to hear the beautiful Litany and Statement of Purpose this morning and gain new strength from uttering it in unison with the other members of your congregation who have come to incorporate that thought into the philosophy that is daily shaping their lives into the crowning glory of successful living. I carry a copy of the Litany in my wallet and often read it. In fact, it is practically worn out, so if you could send me another I'd appreciate it.

"In the paragraph above I mentioned myself as a carefree civilian. It is strange how serving in the armed forces of our country changes one's outlook about many things. I am afraid that too many of us, in those pre-war days, were too carefree and while we had beautiful visions of what this world could become we did little enough about it. I am speaking from my own personal experience; but those things have changed now for me and I know that no day is free from some contact with the international situation, the war itself, or the plans for a post-war world for you or any member of the congregation. I know that it must not be easy. I have talked to a number of men in the army and the thing uppermost in their minds is to get the war over and return home. Upon questioning them I have found that none of them have thought much further than that. To the query of 'what are you going to do about maintaining the peace when you reach home again? What are you, as an individual planning in order that this may never re-occur and that your children may forever know the benefits of liberty in a free country? Have you, personally, thought of your relationship to humanity in terms of bigness, of tolerance toward all races, of your obligation to society to build for the security of civilization?' Doctor, I have received no answer! So, I have taken a personal inventory and have started asking myself those same questions and have set out to find that answer. I have found it in the conceptions of those fundamentals that you have so earnestly preached, and I have every confidence that once this war is ended that I will have found the way for myself. Can I do other than to share it

with those who do not seem to have made up their minds?

"I have no worries about who is to be the final victor in this conflict, nor have you, but I want you to know there is one person who believes in all the fundamental good that man possesses as an individual and as a race. Perhaps that one bit of expressed appreciation on my part will help you to continue the good work. I have a mighty big spot in my heart for the Peoples Church and its pastor for it has opened to me greater horizons. There must be thousands more who feel the same as I. I am a long way from my beloved Chicago, measured not only in miles but by difficulties as well, but I am not complaining for I know that there are better, more fruitful days ahead for all of us, and I hope that we will be, soldier and civilian alike, better equipped for what lies before us because we have found time to be a friend to man and that by common unity in a common purpose, we will have ushered into being a finer concept of Christian living. My greeting to all of you. Sincerely, Cpl. Wendell P. Estal."

* * *

Even many who have not become personally acquainted with Doctor, but who have sat in the vast congregation of the Peoples Church and are now realizing its influence in their lives, are writing expressing appreciation and asking for our magazine. Here is a V-letter sent to The Peoples Church which says:—

"Gentlemen:—While I lived in Chicago I was an attendant, although not a member, of your church. I miss Dr. Bradley's addresses and I wonder if it would be possible to mail periodic folders to me. Please advise the expenses involved and I will arrange the payment. I am now attending various churches here in England, but you will understand that I feel a need for the inspiration of Dr. Bradley's sermons also. Yours sincerely, R. K. Pettibone."

* * *

In a totally different vein, we read this very interesting letter about a grandfather's visit to the Wednesday evening book lectures and incidentally a biographical sketch of said grandparent by the grandchild:—

"Honorable Sir:—Grandfather was so thrilled by his first visit to your Wednesday evening book lecture that he could not cease talking all the way home about the splendid manner in which you analyzed the writer of "Will Germany Try It Again," by Sigrid Schultz. Your comments on her work certainly made it plain that we, as United Nations, have a job cut out for us. I enjoyed it very much and know that Grandpa had a very full evening. It made an impression that will never be forgotten. See what you have done: Grandpa just had to pay visits to several of his old cronies and brag—how he met and talked with you!

"Now about Grandfather: He really has been a barber for 69 years—starting as a lather boy back in the old days of 1865—at the ripe age of 12—in the town of Verbend, Hungary. And in 1874 he went to Vienna, where in his own shop he worked industriously at the barber trade. In those days they "let" blood for their customers, too! And set leeches to control the high blood pressure of those rich diet individuals. It was also the custom to stop in to have one's hair combed before going to the theatre.

"His shop was located across the street from Schuttenring's Opera House, where occurred the tragic disaster of 1881. 'The Tales of Hoffman' was in its initial performance. Grandpa recalls Charles Schwab, the great steel

magnate, whose life was spared because he arrived late at the great fire, and who was so moved by this catastrophe that he donated $200,000 for the care of the survivors and toward a fund to help alleviate the suffering caused by this tragic occurrence. The playing of the Barcarole, the particular piece which was being played when the fire broke out, always brings back memories to Grandpa.

"He can remember when matches were first used, and of course his is an enviable age because of having witnessed the invention and use of the automobile, telephone, radio.

"Gramps is quite well read and would enjoy a visit from you very much, especially on his 100th birthday, which is January 12, 1953.

"I hope this finds you in good spirits and health and that you are able to carry on your great work for many more years. We are proud to be a part of your great radio audience and shall strive to visit you whenever conditions permit. We remain fraternally yours, Fred Porter family and Grandpa Auth."

* * *

And now we must close. Please be sure to write. Every letter is appreciated. Dr. Bradley needs the inspiration you give him!

AND—KEEP—ON—THE—BEAM!

Dr. Bradley's Engagements

March 15th to April 15th

MARCH

15—Radio Address. WGN.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.

16—Address. Annual Preston Bradley Day. Uptown Lions Club.
Radio Address. WGN.
Cutting radio records.

17—Cutting radio records.
Radio Address. WGN.

19—Two services. Peoples Church.

20—Address. Junior Assoc. of Commerce Chicago Bar Association.
Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Uptown Players Center.

21—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Rebecca Dial Assembly.

22—Radio Address. WGN.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.

23—Cutting radio records.
Radio Address. WGN.
Meeting. Chicago Council on Race Discrimination.

24—Address. Portage Park Woman's Club 30th Anniversary.
Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Willard M. E. Church.

25—Cutting radio records.

26—Two services Peoples Church.

27—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Banquet and reception to Bishop of Iceland

28—Radio conference.
Radio address. WGN.
Address. PTA Assoc. Taft High School.

29—Radio Address. WGN.
Closing Book Lecture.

30—Cutting radio record....
Radio Address. WGN.
Address. IWLA Convention.

Address. Carroll College Forum, Waukesha, Wisconsin.

31—Radio Address. WGN.
Address. Red Cross Dinner. Grand Ballroom. Stevens Hotel.
Address. PTA Carl Schurz High School.
Address. I.Y.L.A. Dinner, La Salle Hotel.
Address. Pioneers' Dinner, Blackstone Hotel.

APRIL

1—Meeting with Emil Ludwig.
Meeting and luncheon with six visiting journalists from South America. University Club.

2—Two services Peoples Church.

3—Radio Address. WLS and 7 other stations.
Lenten Sermon. Erlanger Theatre.
Radio Address. WGN.
Lenten Sermon. Peoples Church.

4—Radio Address. WLS and 7 other stations.
Lenten Sermon. Erlanger Theatre.
Radio Address. WGN.
Lenten Sermon. Peoples Church.

5—Radio Address. WLS and 7 other stations.
Lenten Sermon. Erlanger Theatre.
Radio Address. WGN.
Lenten Sermon. Peoples Church.

6—Radio Address. WLS and 7 other stations.
Lenten Sermon. Erlanger Theatre.
Radio Address. WGN.
Lenten Sermon. Peoples Church.

7—Radio Address. WLS and 7 other stations.
Lenten Sermon. Erlanger Theatre.
Radio Address. WGN.
Lenten Sermon. Peoples Church.

9—Four Easter Services. Peoples Church.

10—Com. and Board Meeting Chicago Public Library.
Radio Address. WLS and 7 other stations.

11—Radio Address. WLS and 7 other stations.
Cutting five radio records.

12—Radio Address. WLS and 7 other stations.
Address. Rotary Club. Belleview-Stratford Hotel, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

13—Radio Address. WLS and 7 other stations.

14—Cutting five radio records.
Address. Art League. Arts Club.

Christenings

MARCH

19—Richard Arthur Arnopol, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Arnopol.

26—Phyllis Jeanette Johnson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Johnson.
Paul Edward Prentiss, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Edward Prentiss.

APRIL

2—Shirley Ann Ferguson and Irene Kay Ferguson, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Ferguson.
Scott Morton Cleaver, son of Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Cleaver.

Weddings

MARCH

17—Donald H. Brandt and Betty Jane Isbell

18—John Marsa and Nancy Beebe
Edward J. Wendt and Matilda H. Petzka

APRIL

2—Marvin L. Fergestad and Nora Stern
Chester A. Arlington and Martha Kurth

8—Harold R. Kraemer and Gay T. Konrad

The Following Children Were Christened by Dr. Bradley On Easter Sunday:—

William Paul Aiken, son of Mr. & Mrs. William Aiken

Joan Lorene Anderson, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Robert Anderson

John Bradley Anderson, son of Mr. & Mrs. George Anderson

Dix Duanne Broadhead, son of Mr. & Mrs. John Broadhead

Donald Theodore Brontsema, son of Mr. & Mrs. Ted Brontsema

Michael Owen Brown, son of Mr. & Mrs. Joseph Brown

John William Carter, son of Mr. & Mrs. William Carter

John Ford and David Lee Cowan, sons of Mr. & Mrs. Thomas Cowan

Barbara Christine Croneis, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Paul Croneis

Charles Andrew Dresback, son of Mr. & Mrs. Harold Dresback

Naydene Marie Ehmke, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Arthur Ehmke

Thomas Arthur Gibson, son of Mr. & Mrs. Samuel Gibson

Jon Keith Hamilton, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Harry Hamilton

Helen Elizabeth Hey, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Henry Hey

Alice Suzanne Knudsen, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Robert Knudsen

Michael Erwin McGill, son of Mr. & Mrs. Charles McGill

Lynne Alice and Victor Carl Pagel, children of Mr. & Mrs. Victor Pagel

Julie Lynne Ranta, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eino Ranta

Gladys Violet Rihel, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Michael Rihel

Grace Constance Schaffer, daughter of Mr & Mrs. Stanley Schaffer

David Victor Simons. son of Mr. & Mrs. Victor L. Simons

Marla Kay and James Frederick Spafford, children of Mr. & Mrs. Lewis Spafford

Rosemary, Jeannine Lois, and Virginia Ann Sparks, children of Mr. & Mrs. James Sparks

Patricia Weiss, daughter of Dr. & Mrs. Samuel J. Weiss

Joellen Augusta Winterberg, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Herbert Winterberg

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Funerals

MARCH

20—Joseph Toposki
21—Henry M. Wachtel
22—Hans Paulsen
23—Mrs. Anna Mackwitz
27—Mrs. Ruth T. Requa

APRIL

4—August Carlson
7—Mrs. Elizabeth Pinnicks
8—Mrs. Louise Rausford
10—Attendance. Dr. Sydney B. Snow
11—Mrs. Anna Kotrba
14—Mannye Mossler

The Following New Members Were Publicly Welcomed Into the Church on Easter Sunday, April 9th, 1944:—

Mrs. Matilda Allen
Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Anderson
Miss Edith V. Anderson
Miss Elizabeth V. Anderson
Miss Roann R. Badgley
Miss Katherine Barrett
Mrs. Nettie E. Besnek
Miss Bernice Blanchard
Mrs. Barbara Bochum
Mrs. Irene Brandenburg
Miss Pearl Adele Brown
Mr. and Mrs. Olaf L. Carlson
Mr. and Mrs. James M. Chapman
Mrs. Yvonne Childs
Mrs. Claudia C. Clough
Mr. Ivan W. Condell
Mrs. Thomas Cowan
Miss Anna Crews
Mrs. Lucy Crocker
Mrs. Paul E. Derrick
Mr. and Mrs. A. Enman
Mr. Russell E. Faulkner
Mrs. Constance Felber
Miss Eleanor Fetters
Miss Irene Fors
Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. George
Mr. and Mrs. S. Green
Mrs. Myrtle H. Gronke
Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Gylleck
Miss Bonnie Jean Gylleck
Miss Jane Gylleck
Mr. William John Gylleck
Mr. Charles T. Haas
Mrs. Dorthea Hagen
Miss Nan Harris
Mrs. Esther Hattrem
Mrs. Pearl Helfrich
Mrs. M. A. Henderson
(from First Baptist Church of Oak Park, Illinois)
Dr. and Mrs. M. S. Henson
Miss Mildred Herrick
Miss Margaret Herrick
Miss Helen E. Hey
Mr. Rollin G. Holman
Mrs. Victoria Holmberg
Mrs. Mollie Homburg
Mrs. Quay R. Jackson
Mr. Charles B. Jacobs
Mrs. Grace Janssen
Mr. and Mrs. Ben Johnson
(from First Methodist Church of Valparaiso, Indiana)
Miss Lorraine Johnson
Mrs. Katherine Kelly
Mrs. Margaret Kember
(from Irving Park Methodist Church)
Miss Marian Kember
(from Irving Park Methodist Church)
Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Krueger
Mr. and Mrs. Albert A. Lauter
Mr. Karl H. Lemke
Miss Suzanne Lincoln
Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Lund
Mrs. Lenore Hey Matheson
Mrs. Henry Arno Mehrle
Mrs. Cora D. Mitchell
Miss Bette Read McGavock
Mrs. Kenneth Stuart McLellan
Mr. and Mrs. Earl S. Neindorf
Mrs. Bertha Nelson
Mrs. Harry Nivling
Miss Evelyn Nordahl
Mr. and Mrs. John C. Orlow
Dr. Horace H. Perraton
Miss Jean Peterson
Mrs. Lena Poppenga
Mr. Clayton W. Powers
Mr. and Mrs. John R. Priebe
Mr. and Mrs. Van E. Purcey
Mrs. Kathryn Reed
Corporal and Mrs. James H. Roof
Mrs. Anna Mae Runner
Mrs. Harold A. Salomon
Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Schaffer
Mrs. Eva Schroder
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Schwalb
Mr. and Mrs. Hal W. Sherman
Mrs. Grace Simonson
Mr. Donald Seth Smith
Mrs. Thalia A. Spohr
Mrs. Rose Stehno
Miss Mary M. Stevens
Mrs. Mabel Stipp
Mrs. Ida Thorton
Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Wakefield
Mrs. Clarice Walker
Dr. and Mrs. Samuel J. Weiss
Miss Patricia Weiss
Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Weiss
Miss Florida Eveline Wenzel
Mrs. Lou Wheeler
Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Whyte
Mr. Heber J. Wilbur
Mr. and Mrs. Herbert E. Winterberg
Mr. Harold Julis Zindt
Mrs. Genevieve M. Zurndorfer
(from Methodist Church of Stewardson, Illinois)
Mrs. Ronald Heckerson

THE TYRANNY OF THE PAST

LET us not be tyrannized by the past. Let me say it again and again, and I shall probably keep on saying it as long as I live, that I do not think it makes any difference what a person has been; it only matters what he is becoming.

Our past is dead and cursed by he who resurrects it, and what is true of one is true of all. No one has a right to impede future development and future plans by continually living over the mistakes of the past. If there is no way in which we can eliminate those past mistakes and remove them permanently, then there is no help for any of us.

We can have in our sky burning brightly and eternally a star. It is the star of hope, and that star will shine in the sky always and nothing can be strong enough or powerful enough to blast it from its girdle of blue. In fact, in failure itself there may be the equipment out of which we can construct triumph and victory. Let us not remember past failures and let them dominate and triumph. What about some of the past victories?

Shortly after the death of Mr. Booth, Mr. Southern, who was then a very young man, decided he was going to play Hamlet. He was ridiculed and criticized. "You, Mr. Southern, going to play Hamlet? With the memory of the greatest Hamlet of all times fresh in the minds of the American people?" Just recently I read his reply and I cherish it. Mr. Southern replied to his critics: "I know I can never play Hamlet as Edwin Booth played it; I know that I can never be another Booth, but I ask you a question: 'Please tell me what would happen to Shakespeare and Hamlet if no one ever tried?' "

P.B.

* * *

Masterpieces Are Simple

It has been said that the three greatest masterpieces in literature are The Lord's Prayer, The Twenty-third Psalm and Lincoln's Gettysburg Address.

Just to recall their wording:

"Our Father which art in Heaven, hallowed be Thy name."

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."

"Fourscore and seven years ago."

Not a three-syllable word in them; hardly any two-syllable words.

All the greatest things in human life are one-syllable things:—Love—Joy—Hope—Home—Child—Wife—Trust—Faith—God.

All great things are simple.

P. B.

* * *

"Keep to the right as the law directs,
For such is the law of the road;
Keep to the right, whoever expects
Securely to carry life's load.
Keep to the right, within and without,
With stranger, with kindred and friend;
Keep to the right and you need have no doubt
That all will be right in the end."

Author Unknown.

AN APPROPRIATE GIFT

WE can think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighbor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats." There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twenty-first year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

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Please enter my subscription for THE LIBERALIST for One Year, beginning with the current number.

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THE UPTOWN PLAYERS CENTER OF ALLIED ARTS

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director

1219 N. LaSalle Street **Whitehall 5257**

MAY PRODUCTION . . "WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT"

A Comedy by Monita Caldwell

Included in the cast of The Players' May Production will be stars from the last four plays given by The Uptown Players:

Dolores Meyer, Neil Lambur — From "Our Town"

Claire Burns — From "Port of Chicago"

Barbara Holmes — From "Shadows Fall Early"

J. Bradley-Griffin — From "One Flight Down"

* * *

MAY DRAMA TEA—Sunday, May 21st—4:00 p.m.

The Uptown Players will present William D. Sandy and Marie Zoder in "Moments from 'Hit' Plays"

* * *

At Housecleaning Time—one often finds an odd piece of furniture, a lamp, some draperies, pictures and what not—yes, and some odd pieces of clothing, too—which are to be discarded. Please keep the Players in mind. They are expert at renovating such articles and can find good use for them at their Center.

Honor Roll

Arthur J. Williams
Harold E. Hansen
John L. Freitag
George Freitag
Cpl. Howard Wentz
Lt. Kurt Proud
Kurt Meyer
George Formanek, Jr.
Lloyd Blue, Jr.
Howard Carlseen
Clinton R. Sipe
Dr. Henry C. Johannes
Edward W. Nonnenbruch
Wm. Robert DeWees
Harold Ingersoll
**Henry J. Tinling
Yale W. Rowley
Cpl. Wendell Estal
Winslow Heg
Capt. Herbert Bluhm
Ben C. Bluhm
Douglas L. Palo
Capt. James H. Meyer
Robert H. Meyer
Lester G. Riley
Sgt. William F. Hobbs
Duane R. Terry
Frank G. Christ
Richard P. Strand
Norman P. Anderson
Arthur E. Toepfer
Robert Murphy
Robert Olson
Frans Eronson
Forrest A. Oldenburg
James Code
Henry Willeumier
Robert John Wendland
Sgt. William V. Myers
**Alfred Taylor
Robert E. Gill
George John Smith
Hans Kramer
Howard C. Nelson
Howard Berhalter
Charles Boaz
William Schroeder
Charles Walska
James Schneller
Jacob Estes Replogle
Harry S. Gray
William Berglund
George E. Kruskopf
William J. Wenger
Walter Moran
Jay Merrick
Cpl. Charles Fuss
Robert Plumley
*Charles C. Crane
Robert Baumann
E. Kokoefer

Donald J. Norris
Robert L. Hangel
Elwood E. Kiltz
Lt. Carroll D. York
Mary Louise Sweet
Leslie J. Walker
Robert Hannum
J. C. LaPointe
Arthur J. Kredler, Jr.
Robert K. Schnorr
Rudolph E. Salamon
LeRoy Adams
Franklyn Adams
L. C. Rowley
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*Killed in action. **Reported missing at sea.

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✦ ✦ ✦

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Weekly broadcasts by Dr. Bradley daily over the following stations:
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SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE (Resumed November 5th).. 7:30 o'clock

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—
Anderson Hall, Sunday morning..... 9:30 o'clock

JUNIOR CHURCH—Anderson Hall, Sunday morning.....11:00 o'clock

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES (Resumed November 1st)..... 8:00 o'clock

CHOIR REHEARSALS—Every Thursday evening, Church Auditorium ..... 7:30 o'clock

RED CROSS UNIT—Every Thursday in Anderson Hall, 9:30 to 4:00 o'clock

MEN'S CLUB—Fourth Monday night of each month, Anderson Hall ..... 8:00 o'clock

USHERS' CLUB—Every other Thursday night of each month, Anderson Hall ..... 8:00 o'clock

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CLUB—First and third Tuesday of each month, Anderson Hall..... 8:00 o'clock

WOMAN'S CLUB—June 13th, 14th and 15th, at The Peoples Church Cooking School—Tuesday, June 13th—Anderson Hall ..... 1:30 o'clock
Wednesday, June 14th—Anderson Hall..... 1:30 o'clock
Thursday, June 15th—Anderson Hall..... 7:30 o'clock

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB—May 7th (Annual Spring Party) Drama Tea at Uptown Players' Center, 1219 N. LaSalle Street, Sunday afternoon..... 4:00 o'clock
J. Bradley-Griffin will give a reading of a Broadway Success. Guests invited. Admission $1.

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